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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

The Merediths Entertain

By

WHITNEY DARROW

PHILADELPHIA
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The Merediths Entertain.

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The Merediths Entertain

CAST OF CHARACTERS

LEONARD MEREDITH,
A New York editor and seldom serious
GENEVIEVE MEREDITH,
His young wife, anxious to do things correctly
MRS. WARREN,
Mr. Meredith's elderly Aunt Maria who makes her home with the Merediths
MARY.....*A maid who came well recommended*
FRANK GRISWOLD,
Another suburbanite, who comes to call on the newcomers with
ALICE GRISWOLD.....*His wife*

COSTUMES

LEONARD MEREDITH. Evening dress.
GENEVIEVE MEREDITH. Evening dress.
MRS. WARREN. Plain dress with shawl.
MARY. Dark dress, cap and apron.
FRANK GRISWOLD. Business suit.
ALICE GRISWOLD. Silk or cloth afternoon dress.

PROPERTIES

Scarf for Mrs. Meredith; cigarettes for Leonard; wraps for Mr. and Mrs. Griswold; pack of cards; coffee, sandwiches and cakes on table at opening of second scene; tray, decanter and glasses for Leonard; money for Leonard; hat and coat for Mary.

NOTICE TO PROFESSIONALS

This play is published for the free use of strictly amateur companies only. Professional actors or organizations wishing to produce it, in any form or under any title, are forbidden to do so without the consent of the author, who may be addressed in care of the publishers.

The Merediths Entertain

SCENE.—*The living-room in the Merediths' home.* TIME, *a week day winter evening.*

(*It is the usual living-room of a suburban home. Up center is the door from the front porch and at the left are stairs leading to the upper floor. Beneath these are the stairs to the cellar with a door opening to them. At the opposite end of the room is a door leading to the dining-room and kitchen. The room is furnished with a center table and comfortable chairs. At the right center is a card table and four straight chairs. By the outside door is a mirror and on the center table are books and a lighted lamp and beside it a vase of roses. In the corner is a couch. The clock shows 8:15.*)

(*As the curtain rises* MRS. MEREDITH *is discovered in evening dress with a scarf about her shoulders. She is pacing back and forth, now and then impatiently rearranging the flowers or straightening the books on the table. She goes to cellar door and opens it and calls.*)

MRS. MEREDITH. Leonard! Leonard! I am as cold as ——

MR. MEREDITH (*voice heard from down-stairs*). Hell-o, Genevieve, did you call me?

MRS. M. (*stamping her foot*). I most certainly did. There isn't a particle of heat in the registers.

MR. M. How could there be? There isn't any in the furnace.

MRS. M. Do you mean to say you aren't going to have any?

MR. M. I have ordered some, but it hasn't arrived yet.

MRS. M. Well, it would better. The Griswolds will arrive soon and we've got to have some heat.

MR. M. Then why don't you come down and talk in your appealing way to the furnace? Just pat it and it may burn for you.

MRS. M. (*takes chair by center table and picks up a book*). You will never talk sense. You will, for once, if the Griswolds leave because of our cold house.

MR. M. (*appears in evening clothes and stands with outstretched arms. He is covered with dust and his hands and face are streaked with black*). I have it started but how can I get it going in half an hour when it hasn't had coal on it since morning?

MRS. M. (*lays book down, gets up and walks back and forth*). That's right, blame it on me, of course. I am so cold I can't sit down and be comfortable.

MR. M. (*walking over to his wife and patting her bare arms*). Then why not put on some clothes?

MRS. M. I just try to look well. You know people here dress for dinner.

MR. M. How do you know that when we have just come here and the nearest we have come to an invitation is to have a chance to buy tickets at five per for the Hospital Ball?

MRS. M. I know very well they dress and the Griswolds will wear evening clothes and if we didn't, think how we would feel!

MR. M. (*lighting a cigarette*). Quite comfortable, if you ask me.

MRS. M. What I do ask is for you to look at yourself.

MR. M. (*goes over to mirror and stands before it making faces and waving his arms in pretended horror*). There is black on my hands, there is black on my face and with just a bit more ——

MRS. M. (*disgustedly*). Well?

MR. M. (*quickly*). I'd make a good colored butler. (*Turning to* MRS. MEREDITH.) My dear, you are too quick on the trigger. I could have made a fine last line to an otherwise perfect verse.

MRS. M. Leonard, be serious for a minute.

MR. M. My dear, I am so serious it hurts.

MRS. M. In ten minutes the Griswolds will be here. The maid is in the kitchen.

MR. M. (*singing*). And the cows are in the corn.

MRS. M. You're acting awfully foolish.

MR. M. It's because you're so forlorn. How's that for fine verse? Never even thought it out.

MRS. M. You have nerve to try it even on your wife in the privacy of our own home. It's worse than this terrible maid could do.

MR. M. So you finally got a maid?

MRS. M. (*talking very fast*). Yes. I repeat the maid is in the kitchen, and don't you dare to make another awful rhyme. Just because you are an editor, don't think you are an author; and as for being a poet ——

MR. M. Whea! (*Crosses heart.*) I promise. Where did you get her?

MRS. M. I called up Nancy Perkins and she said to call up the Home Employment Agency.

MR. M. And they said to call up?

MRS. M. No. They said they had several girls on their list. Ambitious girls who have regular positions but who go out on their off nights to make extra money. They sent this girl. Her name is Mary.

MR. M. I hope this isn't one of her off nights.

MRS. M. I hope it *is*, because I have sympathy for whoever has to have her regularly.

MR. M. And so have I, at what maids cost these days.

MRS. M. Not that. But she's horribly ignorant.

MR. M. (*feigning astonishment*). You certainly don't mean to say she hasn't a college education!

MRS. M. Her language and her manners are atrocious.

MR. M. Shocking!

MRS. M. No, I don't mean what you mean. We are in a bad dilemma. We mustn't let the Griswolds know we have no regular maid, and I hate to think of their imagining we couldn't train an animal to have better manners than Mary.

MR. M. Now we are in this thing we must make the best of it. From the start it is nothing but foolishness. I don't believe in pretending to have something one hasn't. Aunt Maria feels just as I do about it.

MRS. M. Of course Aunt Maria does. She thinks everything I do is foolish. My doing it makes it foolish. And, by the way, I do hope she doesn't come down this evening.

MR. M. She won't be down. She can't hear much and she wouldn't enjoy it.

MRS. M. She would enjoy it if she thought I didn't want her.

MARY (*opens door of dining-room and peers around it*). Say, Mrs. Meredith, I can't find them there cakes you said you bought off the baker.

MRS. M. The cakes, Mary, are in a box on the pantry shelf. Now please put your apron on and be ready to go to the door when our guests come. You know what to say when they arrive?

MARY. Yes, ma'am. I'll just say your husband went up-stairs to wash and will be down in a minute.

MRS. M. Mary, I told you to say "If you will have chairs, I will tell Mr. and Mrs. Meredith you are here." Say that, please, and nothing more. Now go and put your apron on. (*Exit* MARY.)

MR. M. (*sits on arm of chair*). Some maid! Where do they come from? She acts like the home-made variety.

MRS. M. The agency said she was one of the best maids on their list, and they furnish extra help constantly.

MR. M. They won't to us.

MRS. M. I wouldn't mind if it were someone else than the Griswolds; it's their first call. I do hope she

won't do anything really awful. Still, everyone has trouble keeping maids. Mrs. Griswold said over the 'phone she really shouldn't come to-night herself because it was her maid's night out and the cook objected to staying alone, but she was afraid to tell her maid to change her night because it was so hard to keep any kind of help.

MR. M. (*getting up*). I am going up-stairs to get some of this black off.

MRS. M. (*follows him*). And I am going up to see that you get it *all* off. Do you know in some ways you are just like an overgrown boy?

(*Both exit left.*)

MRS. WARREN (*enters from left with a heavy, colored shawl wrapped around her. Goes to each register holding her hands over it and is heard muttering angrily to herself*). This is as cold as Greenland's icy mountains. Roses on the table and no heat in the furnace. The way people live these days! (*Goes over to couch and prepares to lie down.*) I'll rest here. Better than my room anyway.

(*Lies down and wraps shawl around her and covering even her face. Almost immediately she begins to snore louder and louder and finally after a particularly loud snort she settles down to a quiet sleep. Door-bell is heard.*)

MARY (*enters from dining-room after cautiously peeking around the door as she always does before entering a room. Goes to mirror and fusses with her hair and brushes her apron and then, giving her hair an extra pat, goes slowly to the door, opening it and standing back of it, only showing the visitors her head*). Mrs. Griswold!

MRS. GRISWOLD (*enters with* MR. GRISWOLD. *Both are in every-day clothes.* MARY *automatically takes their coats and lays them on a seat*). Mary! What are you doing here! Have you left us?

MARY (*standing first on one foot and then on the other, the while playing with her apron*). I never told you, but I am going to be married and I make extra money by going out for extra service on my off nights.

MR. GRISWOLD. But how did the Merediths get *you?* (MR. *and* MRS. GRISWOLD *sit down.*)

MARY. I am registered with the Home Agency. Mrs. Meredith didn't say who was coming. I thought she was going to have some rich and important people for the evening and here it's only you.

MRS. G. Have you no manners at all?

MR. G. Alice, we must make the best of this and not embarrass Mrs. Meredith. Mary, don't tell them you work for us. You must pretend you don't know us.

MARY (*starts to go but turns back*). Mr. Meredith said not to tell you, but I don't mind telling *you* he went up-stairs to wash his face.

MRS. G. Mary, you mustn't say such things.

MARY. Well, then I hope he hasn't washed because I'd like for you to see him. Gosh, he must 'a' climbed into the furnace looking for the fire. He didn't find it, though. Your house was never as cold as this joint and I have seen it mighty cold there when Mr. Griswold ——

MRS. G. Keep still, Mary. Go at once and do as I told you. (*Exit* MARY.)

MR. G. Why under the sun do you keep that girl?

MRS. G. Where can I get another? Two of our friends have been without help of any sort for three months.

MR. G. To think that Mrs. Meredith tried to get away with a maid for a night just because we were coming over and stumbled onto ours. If Mary doesn't mess things in some way, I'll miss my guess.

MRS. G. If Mrs. Meredith ever finds out it will nearly kill her. She thinks so much of appearances.

MARY (*returns*). Mr. Meredith is nearly washed, I mean they'll be right down. I didn't let on I worked for you.

MR. G. Just what *did* you say, Mary?

MARY. I only said, polite like, "Those Griswolds are down-stairs and want to see you," and what do you think Mr. Meredith had the nerve to do?

MR. G. I know what I would have done.

MARY. He threw a shoe at me and said to Mrs. Meredith, "That's what you get for hiring a girl who doesn't know what it means to work in a respectable place."

MR. G. And you surely answered that!

MARY. Oh, of course. I said, "Yes, sir," and left. Here come the Merediths. I'll go and get the coffee ready. (*Exit to dining-room.*)

MRS. M. (*enters with* MR. MEREDITH *and all shake hands*). How glad I am to see you, Mrs. Griswold, and you, Mr. Griswold. Won't you be seated? I do hope you will both pardon our delay, but Leonard had some important work to finish.

MR. G. I hope he got it off his hands.

MR. M. Yes, I just finished. Genevieve helped me and saved my face.

MRS. G. You see, wives are of some use to you business men after all.

MR. M. (*feeling his face*). Yes, but they don't have to rub it in.

MRS. WARREN (*stirs slightly and mumbles incoherently, while all regard the couch speechless with surprise. Suddenly she jumps up from couch and sits up rubbing her eyes*). Have I been asleep? Oh! The company's here.

MRS. M. (*is as shocked at finding* MRS. WARREN *in the room as* MR. MEREDITH *is amused. The men stand up and* MRS. MEREDITH *addresses her in a loud voice*). Aunt Maria, what *are* you doing here? I want to present Mrs. Griswold and Mr. Griswold, Leonard's Aunt Maria, Mrs. Warren.

MRS. WARREN. You had a present from the Griswolds? That was real nice. What did they bring you?

MRS. M. (*aside*). Poor Aunt Maria is quite hard

of hearing. (*Then in louder voice.*) I didn't say they brought a present. I was presenting, introducing them to you.

MRS. WARREN. I'm glad to meet you, I'm sure. It's been a cold day, hasn't it?

MR. M. (*coming to the rescue*). Don't you want me to help you up-stairs?

MRS. WARREN. No. The help is in the kitchen. Jenny, what did you get that girl for anyhow? You are just going to have sandwiches, a few little cakes and some coffee. I could have helped you. Glad to have something to do.

MRS. M. You see, Aunt Maria hears so little she gets terribly mixed up and we don't try to straighten things out. It only makes things worse.

MR. M. If we will go over and start playing cards she will go up-stairs.

MRS. M. That's a good idea. Would you like to play? We can talk too.

MRS. G. (*arising*). We would enjoy it ever so much. We play so seldom we aren't very clever at it, though.

MRS. M. Oh, I am sure you play well but I will help you for a few hands.

(*The four cross to the card table and seat themselves.* MR. GRISWOLD *opposite* MRS. MEREDITH *and* MRS. GRISWOLD *at his right and* MR. MEREDITH *at his left.*)

MRS. WARREN (*gets a chair and goes to table*). What are you going to play, cards?

MRS. M. We are going to play bridge.

MRS. WARREN. Can five play that?

MR. M. No. Four play bridge. Do you want to stay and look on?

MRS. WARREN. Yes, I'd much rather play than look on. We can play five hundred. I like that.

MRS. M. Mr. and Mrs. Griswold haven't been here before and they like bridge best I'm sure.

MRS. WARREN. All right, Jenny. You and I will take turns.

MR. M. Aunt Maria, to-night we four are going to play. I'm sure you are tired.

MARY (*again sticks her head around dining-room door*). Do you want me to bring in the coffee now?

MRS. M. You don't mean to say you have made it already?

MARY. Didn't you say to make coffee?

MRS. M. Yes, but not until we are ready. Throw it out and you can make fresh coffee when I tell you. (MARY *leaves.* MRS. MEREDITH *turns to* MRS. GRISWOLD.) I have never known her to do that before. Girls are so hard to get, I hate to say anything. I don't know where I could get another. You know how it is, Mrs. Griswold.

MRS. G. (*amused*). Oh, yes, I know better than you can possibly realize.

MRS. WARREN. Is that the new maid you just hired for the ——

MRS. M. Aunt Maria, you know Mary of course.

MRS. WARREN. Yes, I do think she is coarse. What kind of training can she have had?

MRS. M. Mrs. Griswold, that is so true. As I see different maids I wonder what the homes in which they have worked can be like. I know you appreciate this as few would.

MRS. G. I do know what it means, don't I, Frank?

MR. G. Yes, dear, we both appreciate it.

MR. M. But how about this bridge? (*Places cards before* MRS. GRISWOLD.) Visiting lady deals. (MRS. GRISWOLD *begins to deal.*)

MARY (*opens door and looks at them for a few seconds then comes forward*). Are you folks sitting at the table waiting for the sandwiches and coffee and cakes bought off the baker?

MR. M. Mary, will you kindly hide yourself in the kitchen until we call you?

MARY. Well, the Griswolds must be hungry. I know they didn't have much supper.

MR. M. Mary, you confirm my belief in the rights of capital punishment. Now get out and stay out.

(*This time* MARY *leaves.*)

MRS. M. You can't imagine how embarrassed I am. I do hope you will excuse this as just one of the penalties of having maids these days. I wouldn't have any, but Leonard insists on it.

MR. M. *Insists on what?*

MRS. M. On my having some help.

MR. M. Yes, but help and maids to-day are not synonymous terms.

MR. G. It's your bid, Alice.

MRS. G. Did I deal? Pass.

MR. G. One spade.

MR. M. Pass.

MRS. M. One heart.

MR. M. You'll have to say two hearts to beat one spade.

MRS. M. I can beat one spade with one heart.

MR. M. Not in bridge, you can't.

MRS. M. Well, I haven't bid yet and I only want to bid one heart.

MRS. G. You see, my dear, one spade counts nine and one heart only eight; so to bid you will have to say two hearts.

MRS. M. Then I'll pass.

MR. M. But having now mentioned hearts you'll have to let it stand at two. You can't give your partner information and then not bid.

MRS. M. (*very obviously peeved*). All right then, two hearts.

MRS. G. Pass.

MR. G. Pass.

MR. M. I'll double two hearts.

MRS. M. So that's why you made me say two!

MR. M. No, it's just bridge.

MRS. M. Anyway I am glad Mr. Griswold has to play it. I am sure he can make it.

MR. G. No, you have to play the two hearts. I bid a spade.

MRS. M. But you bid first.

MR. G. But not hearts.

MRS. M. Some bridge rules seem so foolish. I like to play for relaxation and not to make a business out of it. If you have to think, there is no fun in it.

MR. M. That's why you always get so much fun out of it.

MRS. G. It's my lead. I'll lead the queen of clubs.

MRS. WARREN (*walks over and looks at* MRS. GRISWOLD'S *hand*). Why did you lead that when it's the only club you've got?

MR. M. Ye gods and little fishes! What a night! Now I suppose it's Mary's turn.

MARY. Did you call me?

MR. M. Where were you? You have all the hearing Aunt Maria lacks with all your own besides.

MARY. I was just listening at the door to be ready when you called me.

MR. M. This isn't a poker game and I am not calling you, so you needn't listen. (*Gets up and bows with mock courtesy.*) Good-evening, Mary.

MARY (*curtsies*). Good-evening, Mr. Meredith.

MR. M. See here. This isn't a society dancing class. This is a very serious game of bridge and friends are requested to omit maids. Now will you kindly retire?

MARY. Retire? Am I expected to spend the night here?

MR. M. In words of one syllable. Go-out-in-the-kitchen - and - sit - down - there - in - a - chair - until-we-call-you. Now-go!

MRS. G. I do hope you won't think we mind. It's only amusing. One has to be very philosophical to handle servants when few care whether they stay or not.

MARY (*returns somewhat scared*). I can't sit down there in a chair.

MRS. M. Why not?

MARY. Because there isn't a chair in the kitchen.

MR. M. If I had any philosophy it's all gone. (*Takes book from table and throws, but* MARY *has fortunately closed the door and the book slams against it.*) What a night!

CURTAIN

SCENE II

(*Curtain falls for two minutes, indicating lapse of two hours, during which the bridge game has proceeded much as it began.* MARY *has finally boiled the coffee and served the sandwiches and cakes and curtain rises with all at the table as before; but on the table are the remains of the refreshments which* MARY *is starting to remove.* MRS. WARREN *has evidently finally gone to her room. The two men are lighting cigarettes. The clock shows eleven o'clock.*)

MARY (*takes box of cigarettes and passes them to* MRS. GRISWOLD). Aren't you going to smoke?

MRS. G. (*evidently very much upset*). Of course not.

MARY. How was I to know you had given it up?

MR. G. Mary, have you ever had your fortune told?

MARY. No, but I've always wanted to.

MR. G. Let me have your hand. (MARY *walks over and holds out her hand.* MR. GRISWOLD *examines it critically for a minute and then looks up startled.*) Mary, look at that line on your hand.

MARY. And I just washed it.

MR. G. That line, Mary, says that you are going to take a journey.

MARY. Soon?

MR. G. If you don't something terrible is going to happen. This journey will be the means of saving the lives of two people.

MARY. Am I going to marry?

MR. G. Yes, this line over here shows you will marry soon, but your husband is going to suffer terribly. I rather think I see another journey for you.

MARY. Will I be happy?

MR. G. You will be happier than if you don't take this first journey soon.

MARY. Does my hand show all that?

MR. G. Yes, and more, but I am keeping you from your work.

(MARY *picks up the sandwich plate and starts toward dining-room.*)

MRS. WARREN (*appears wrapped in her shawl. She stops on seeing* MARY). What are you taking the things off for? I haven't had anything to eat.

MRS. M. We thought you had gone to bed.

MRS. WARREN. I was waiting for you to call me. Mary, you leave those things here. I'll sit down and get something anyway.

(MARY *puts down the plate and* MRS. WARREN *pulls a chair up to the table and starts to eat sandwiches and cake.*)

MR. G. Mrs. Warren, you have an appetite, I think.

MRS. WARREN. An appetite for drink? I'll have you understand no one in our family ever drank—except, of course, we always had a little applejack ready in case of emergency.

MR. M. And emergencies frequently arose when I was around.

MRS. WARREN. These sandwiches are really *good.*

MRS. M. There are a few things Mary can do.

MRS. WARREN (*ignoring her*). Jenny made these

in such a hurry I didn't think they would be much good.

MRS. G. (*gets up and starts to put on wraps*). We really must be going. It's after eleven and Frank has to take the early train to town.

MR. G. (*taking his hat and coat*). You must both come over to see us soon. We have so many things in common.

MRS. M. You mean in liking to play bridge just for the fun of it?

MR. G. Yes, we have that in common and also er—er other things.

MRS. G. (*shaking hands with* MRS. MEREDITH). We have had such a nice evening.

MRS. M. I do hope you will forget all about this horrible maid and all she has said and done. I will surely get rid of her at once, even if I can't get another.

MRS. G. I am sure you won't keep her. I wouldn't myself under the circumstances.

MR. G. Such things only add spice to life. I have been much amused. Mary would make a good character for one of the comedies you write.

MR. M. She certainly would, but I don't see any climax at present. You can't have a comedy with just dialogue. It's got to lead to a situation.

MR. G. I am sure that in the end you'll find one. Think it over. Don't forget we will expect you soon at our place. Good-night.

(*Both have been putting on their things and now leave.*)

MR. M. (MRS. MEREDITH *has sunk into a chair by the table.* MR. MEREDITH *goes to table for a cigarette*). I told you what we would get into, trying to show off by having a maid and trying to impress them with things we haven't. This has been a terrible evening and I can't stand it any longer. I am going to take a drink whether you like it or not. My nerves are shattered.

(*Goes into dining-room and returns with tray and decanter and puts it on the card table.*)

MARY (*enters dressed for the street*). Is there anything else you want of me?

MR. M. Nothing except a framed copy of your resignation.

MRS. M. Give her five dollars, Leonard.

MR. M. Here's the five, Mary, to go toward that wedding outfit. I only hope the fellow you are to marry isn't a night watchman.

MARY. Why?

MR. M. So he won't have to be home with you all day.

MRS. M. (*getting up*). Mary, I know it isn't your fault. You probably haven't been fortunate in getting into a good place to work. You must try to learn better manners. Why don't you try to get with some lady who will be a good influence and who will help you?

MARY. Thank you, Mrs. Meredith. Can I tell her you said I better change to some one with better manners?

MRS. M. Tell who?

MARY. The lady I work for.

MRS. M. But I don't even know her.

MARY. Well, I don't suppose you can know anyone really when you've only spent one evening with her.

MRS. M. What *are* you talking about?

MARY (*goes to door and opens it*). I'm going now, so I guess it won't hurt no one. For two months I have been Mrs. Griswold's maid. Good-night.

(*Goes out and slams door.*)

MR. M. Good-night. (MR. *and* MRS. MEREDITH *just stand and stare at each other and then break out laughing.*) Griswold said this would make a good story. The situation for the climax, though, isn't the one I would have chosen.

MRS. M. Leonard, I guess you were right, as usual.

We shouldn't have tried to get away with it. But it's that terrible it's ridiculous.

MR. M. What is there to do?

MRS. M. I guess this is what Aunt Maria would call an emergency. When you pour out your apple-jack, this time make it two.

(MR. MEREDITH *takes two water glasses from the table and pours.* MRS. WARREN, *still eating cake, looks up and wipes her mouth.*)

MRS. WARREN. I couldn't hear all you said, but if it's a very real emergency, Leonard (*holding up her glass*), you'd better make it three.

CURTAIN

Unusually Good Entertainments

Read One or More of These Before Deciding on Your Next Program

A SURPRISE PARTY AT BRINKLEY'S. An Entertainment in One Scene, by WARD MACAULEY. Seven male and seven female characters. Interior scene, or may be given without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time, one hour. By the author of the popular successes, "Graduation Day at Wood Hill School," "Back to the Country Store," etc. The villagers have planned a birthday surprise party for Mary Brinkley, recently graduated from college. They all join in jolly games, songs, conundrums, etc., and Mary becomes engaged, which surprises the surprisers. The entertainment is a sure success.

JONES VS. JINKS. A Mock Trial in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. Fifteen male and six female characters, with supernumeraries if desired. May be played all male. Many of the parts (members of the jury, etc.) are small. Scene, a simple interior; may be played without scenery. Costumes, modern. Time of playing, one hour. This mock trial has many novel features, unusual characters and quick action. Nearly every character has a funny entrance and laughable lines. There are many rich parts, and fast fun throughout.

THE SIGHT-SEEING CAR. A Comedy Sketch in One Act, by ERNEST M. GOULD. For seven males, two females, or may be all male. Parts may be doubled, with quick changes, so that four persons may play the sketch. Time, forty-five minutes. Simple street scene. Costumes, modern. The superintendent of a sight-seeing automobile engages two men to run the machine. A Jew, a farmer, a fat lady and other humorous characters give them all kinds of trouble. This is a regular gatling-gun stream of rollicking repartee.

THE CASE OF SMYTHE VS. SMITH. An Original Mock Trial in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. Eighteen males and two females, or may be all male. Plays about one hour. Scene, a county courtroom; requires no scenery; may be played in an ordinary hall. Costumes, modern. This entertainment is nearly perfect of its kind, and a sure success. It can be easily produced in any place or on any occasion, and provides almost any number of good parts.

THE OLD MAIDS' ASSOCIATION. A Farcical Entertainment in One Act, by LOUISE LATHAM WILSON. For thirteen females and one male. The male part may be played by a female, and the number of characters increased to twenty or more. Time, forty minutes. The play requires neither scenery nor properties, and very little in the way of costumes. Can easily be prepared in one or two rehearsals.

BARGAIN DAY AT BLOOMSTEIN'S. A Farcical Entertainment in One Act, by EDWARD MUMFORD. For five males and ten females, with supers. Interior scene. Costumes, modern. Time, thirty minutes. The characters and the situations which arise from their endeavors to buy and sell make rapid-fire fun from start to finish.

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Unusually Good Entertainments

Read One or More of These Before Deciding on Your Next Program

GRADUATION DAY AT WOOD HILL SCHOOL. An Entertainment in Two Acts, by WARD MACAULEY. For six males and four females, with several minor parts. Time of playing, two hours. Modern costumes. Simple interior scenes; may be presented in a hall without scenery. The unusual combination of a real "entertainment," including music, recitations, etc., with an interesting love story. The graduation exercises include short speeches, recitations, songs, funny interruptions, and a comical speech by a country school trustee.

EXAMINATION DAY AT WOOD HILL SCHOOL. An Entertainment in One Act, by WARD MACAULEY. Eight male and six female characters, with minor parts. Plays one hour. Scene, an easy interior, or may be given without scenery. Costumes, modern. Miss Marks, the teacher, refuses to marry a trustee, who threatens to discharge her. The examination includes recitations and songs, and brings out many funny answers to questions. At the close Robert Coleman, an old lover, claims the teacher. Very easy and very effective.

BACK TO THE COUNTRY STORE. A Rural Entertainment in Three Acts, by WARD MACAULEY. For four male and five female characters, with some supers. Time, two hours. Two scenes, both easy interiors. Can be played effectively without scenery. Costumes, modern. All the principal parts are sure hits. Quigley Higginbotham, known as "Quig," a clerk in a country store, aspires to be a great author or singer and decides to try his fortunes in New York. The last scene is in Quig's home. He returns a failure but is offered a partnership in the country store. He pops the question in the midst of a surprise party given in his honor. Easy to do and very funny.

THE DISTRICT CONVENTION. A Farcical Sketch in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. For eleven males and one female, or twelve males. Any number of other parts or supernumeraries may be added. Plays forty-five minutes. No special scenery is required, and the costumes and properties are all easy. The play shows an uproarious political nominating convention. The climax comes when a woman's rights champion, captures the convention. There is a great chance to burlesque modern politics and to work in local gags. Every part will make a hit.

SI SLOCUM'S COUNTRY STORE. An Entertainment in One Act, by FRANK DUMONT. Eleven male and five female characters with supernumeraries. Several parts may be doubled. Plays one hour. Interior scene, or may be played without set scenery. Costumes, modern. The rehearsal for an entertainment in the village church gives plenty of opportunity for specialty work. A very jolly entertainment of the sort adapted to almost any place or occasion.

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Successful Plays for All Girls

In Selecting Your Next Play Do Not Overlook This List

YOUNG DOCTOR DEVINE. A Farce in Two Acts, by Mrs. E. J. H. Goodfellow. One of the most popular plays for girls. For nine female characters. Time in playing, thirty minutes. Scenery, ordinary interior. Modern costumes. Girls in a boarding-school, learning that a young doctor is coming to vaccinate all the pupils, eagerly consult each other as to the manner of fascinating the physician. When the doctor appears upon the scene the pupils discover that the physician is a female practitioner.

SISTER MASONS. A Burlesque in One Act, by Frank Dumont. For eleven females. Time, thirty minutes. Costumes, fantastic gowns, or dominoes. Scene, interior. A grand expose of Masonry. Some women profess to learn the secrets of a Masonic lodge by hearing their husbands talk in their sleep, and they institute a similar organization.

A COMMANDING POSITION. A Farcical Entertainment, by Amelia Sanford. For seven female characters and ten or more other ladies and children. Time, one hour. Costumes, modern. Scenes, easy interiors and one street scene. Marian Young gets tired living with her aunt, Miss Skinflint. She decides to "attain a commanding position." Marian tries hospital nursing, college settlement work and school teaching, but decides to go back to housework.

HOW A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET. A Comedy in One Act, by Frank Dumont. For ten female characters. Time, half an hour. Scene, an easy interior. Costumes, modern. Mabel Sweetly has just become engaged to Harold, but it's "the deepest kind of a secret." Before announcing it they must win the approval of Harold's uncle, now in Europe, or lose a possible ten thousand a year. At a tea Mabel meets her dearest friend. Maude sees Mabel has a secret, she coaxes and Mabel tells her. But Maude lets out the secret in a few minutes to another friend and so the secret travels.

THE OXFORD AFFAIR. A Comedy in Three Acts, by Josephine H. Cobb and Jennie E. Paine. For eight female characters. Plays one hour and three-quarters. Scenes, interiors at a seaside hotel. Costumes, modern. The action of the play is located at a summer resort. Alice Graham, in order to chaperon herself, poses as a widow, and Miss Oxford first claims her as a sister-in-law, then denounces her. The onerous duties of Miss Oxford, who attempts to serve as chaperon to Miss Howe and Miss Ashton in the face of many obstacles, furnish an evening of rare enjoyment.

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